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# AN ADDRESS

TO THE

# PEOPLE OF WAPPING

AND ITS ENVIRONS.

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*BY MRS. COOPER.*

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London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD AT

No. 12, Russels Buildings, Bell Dock, Wapping.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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# A
# *POETICAL ADDRESS*
## TO THE
## PEOPLE OF WAPPING.

HAIL thou favourite muse of Satire, play
Upon the follies of each Knave, and say
Or sing those beauteous truths which ever flow
From the ingenuous heart with hectic glow.
Whatever pain it costs the feeling mind,
Thus nature polish'd and the soul refin'd,
The supplicating eye benignly look
And from superior power feel no rebuke;
Each promise to the fatherless was given
Which yields to the superior will of Heaven.

Thus genius cherish'd in the *letter'd school,
To court the Muse or paint the vacant fool,
A favourite of Apollo sure may meet,
†Sapho it is who claims the lyric speech.

How

* *The Author educated by an Engliſh Clergyman who enjoyed his Living in the Gift of the Delaval Family.*

† *The Tenth Muſe.*

How difficult to harmonize or paint
Each Hypocrite, each Sinner or each Saint,
Reduce the Numbers, make the flowing verse
Glow with poetic fire, and Truth rehearse.

Oft hath the Genius travers'd on the Globe
In theory's school, and in the letter'd robe,
But now to sing of envyous knaves and fools
Derogatory, reverse to former schools.

Sapho now sings, and sings but of her wrongs,
Of native truth which beauties would prolong,
But, alas, dismiss those beauties of this Isle,
Mechanic themes must now the hour beguile.

Farewell, awhile, to elegance and ease,
Thus form'd to charm, to captivate, and please
The senses of each *Enemy* in power,
Sapho, then hail, and greet the wish'd-for hour.

First o'er the penal laws we'll take a view,
Abandon th'deeds which Latitat late drew,
Who e'er can run, may read his ragged doom
That letter'd Latitat that ******* ******
To betray th' Client in th' public house,
Swears, Lyes, descends to low abuse.
So did the Jewess thus her promise keep
To Latitat; Paunch and Cleave, should have a peep,

Who

Who perforated holes and in her Jakes
The Lady with her Friends did thus partake.
To see a sight, as may be never seen
On Cleopatria, or Bethsheba's Queen.

The Bath discover'd, and as Sapho stood
To receive from *Nauticus the showry flood,
The Physicians Order, to dissipate the groan
Of Sapho, to brace and raise her drooping Soul.

Then why expose each beauty or defect
Of naked Charms, which only you detract.
On Mr. Paunch and libidinious Jews,
The velvet cap, or feather'd Mercury's Shoes,
O'er feather'd Nymphs e'er cast your pitying looks
On each their follies, who read romantic books,
Jingle the Piano forte, twist the bonnet,
Fillagree and titter at each Sonnet.

Repair'd he next to *Staple's* Eminence
Adorn'n with Justice, and most polis'd sense,
Who took his verbal brief, against his wife
And swore the punk endanger'd, e'er his life.

T**** Freehold Tenements **** **** *** one
The conveyancing and Signatures are gone
From Latitat that spurious tool in law,
His claims, so with the Devil must withdraw.

To

* *Husband to the Author.*

To consult the Herald painters of the Day.
*Membrinos' helmet draw without delay,
To paint his knocker with emblazon'd Arms,
The brandy bottle and a lady's charms.
To recruit his carious wither'd leggs,
His Ideas with his hat, hang on the pegs.
A black Eye 's graceful, in the common pleas
With custom ** ** ****** ****** fees
**** Client or defendant, 'tis the same,
Then Deamons eternally, attend thy fame.

Thus leave him in Esculapius's hands,
Daniels's Rhapsody we shall command.
For who can view him and his tatter'd Muse,
With bad prose written for the Parish use.

But inebriated Men with youthful charms
Is e'er unwelcome to a Ladies Arms,
The clammy skin. the odorifis mouth
Is irksome to the beauteous cheek of Truth,
The Matron too and Sapho ee'r will say
Who prefers Adonis, as the new born day.

Now lovely ‖Aegle chose her umpire seat,
Made choice of §Avernas to bath her feet,
And

*Vide Don Quixot. ‖ One of the Furies. § A lake of Hell.

And sting the mind with injuries opprest,
Turning her callous mind to sue distress.
Unconscious Sapho exciting thus the spite
Of haggard fiends, unteward on a night
To lacerate, and comforts wish to blight.

Conspicuous Aegle, in an apple Stall
Decreeing vengeance on Sapho to fall,
'Twas thought some Law Lord must pass the decree
Lord Kenyon would most courteously agree
To strike the Scoundrel off the Rolls, indeed
'Twould lop the law from Petty-foggers breed.

Have the Apathy ready to traduce
The Muses favourite by your low abuse,
Sure Madam §D****n 'tis to you addrest,
To scourge presumtion, equally confes'd
On your infirmities shall be, compassion
Shewn your exterior, e'en let it be the fashion.

Like on a day with truth it may be told,
An honest Tradesman made so very bold,
When op'd the door, this man so grissel'd stood,
'Twas thought this man lay dormant since the flood,

His

§*A Lady in Sampsons Gardens who made it her buſineſs to adviſe a Proſecution againſt the Author for a recent Publication.*

His Oakum wig was stuck upon his skull
With curls suspended, one by one, in full,
Pin'd trim'd, and resting on his neck, in form
His swoln pockets hung finished and adorned.
Said he "My name is *Brontis, a small bill,
"What I propose is much against my will,
"The expence must be, all unto yourselves,
"I have many bills laying on my shelves,
"And Mr. BURT has got them all in hand
"I'll have my Money got at his command."
True friend, but will you give the ear
To learn the doubt that enemies are here,
To add, that you are quite enough explicit,
'Tho e'en come, this Money to solicit:
You shall be paid when Nauticus returns,
But should fate decree that he should be in-urn'd
Your Charity, your prayers are understood
For others wellfare, and diffusing good.
But ||Eleus with his iron hand doth sway,
(Tho' well assured that Nauticus will pay)
Brontis withdrew to make his lawyer's brief
And thus treat Sapho, as a common Thief.

Thus

* *A forger of Jupiter's Thunder.* || *A Baccanallian.*

Thus complicate the Essence of th'stomach
Two Bilious Spinsters recently did vomit,
With each malicious or th'envious tale
O'er the Goblins, where they could prevail.

Invulnerable Winsor's Novel brains
To polish her Manners, as she comes from Lane's
Coarse as a Horse from Flanders just arriv'd,
To amsue with scandal, or keep alive
The Assembly of a grim motly throng
Long waists and ears, respectively belong.
Eleus now joins with his Boatswain's voice
Who made him Captain, had an able choice.
Addressing †Eleus, like the sound of hammer
Now Madam Winsor pray apply to Hannah.
How is the story of that tecnic rule
To measure Margate Pier, and so run foul.
When salvage made, stoutly blam'd the Pilot
Who ***** the shaving Varlet, for the riot.

Suffer a Critic, to set you somewhat right
Settle this dispute, and throw a little light
On each your shades, and dress, th'picturesque
Then don't unman Eleus at his ruling desk.

B. Harder

† *bred a Yorkshire Carpenter.*

Harder e'en, than when the shining ‡teeth
Drop't on the Ladies plate, would you believe't.

Who til'd the House, from o'er the Widow's head
With rain or thunder, on her naked bed.
Who Levy's for his Rent at Quarter day
Who Levy's distress, on her, who cannot pay,
Check the Muse, or what would the Muse not say.

The Western Ocean, any boy may sail
The Trades are ever blowing, easy gales.
But making the land, and then, alas!
For poor Eleus 'twas e'er *Bendoras.
When taking an Altitude 'twas with his plane
Shiver or keep her full 'twas all the same,
Stand by the Anchor, let the fore sheet go,
When Cordage §whistled, was watchful e'er below.
To keep his reckoning was ever ready
Charging the Helmsman to keep her steady.
His Plane his Quadrant, ever at his bench
O'er Grog would e'er involuntary belch.

Hand

‡ *The false Teeth of a Slopseller's Wife, dropt from her Mouth on the Day of her Marriage.*

* *Substituted by illiterate Eleus, for Honduras.*

§ *The Ship's Cordage whistles on the approach of a Gale of Wind.*

Hand here the Gimblet, make fast the tiller rope
Down flies the Helm, as quick as Eleus spoke.
Answering, the Cund, steady lads meet her
So lads obey your Amphibious Master.

Of brails and buntlines he has taken leave
Hugging his Pillow, pudding in his sleeve;
His Anchor gone, with his Mandarin
Staving together, thus they may be seen
Under the Mulberry, that convenient tree
Where many Doves doth pair, as well as they:
Who Bill's and Coo's, and Loves' their time away
Darling, what do you want? what do you say?
Where was the Text this morning? did you look
In that most Holy, that most precious Book?
Good morrow, Mr. Cant, how do you do?
Pretty well, Mrs. Spinster: how are you?
O! Mrs, Spinster, 'tis a righteous thing
For our salvation, 'twill from ruin bring.
Lord, how them Hussies dresses, did you see?
The South Seaman's Wife, her that sat next me.
Their watches, patches, and the bushy wigg
And *Pouther'd Earings like the very pigs.
If Christ but saw them, he would send them down
Headlong from each mountain on their crown.



* *Powder—The Yorkshire illiterate Pronounciation.*

What jades, what hussies, spending all the money
Then when their Men arrives, nothing left but——

Did you see Robin with his goggle eyes
His Pockets stuff'd up with Penny pies ?
O! yes, I met him, just by Wellclose-square,
What could he, think ye, be a doing there ?
Nay, for what I know, picking Turkey wings
Slyly to the Parlor and all the Errands brings.
Lord bless Mr. Ratlage, who gives us better food
Emitings, sweatings, and all for our good,
I'm invited there to Day, to take my dinner
Who would not then, be a Pye-house sinner.

*An Arduous Task, to haul the Rogues to Heaven*
*Bitter the Pill, and ever Sour, the Leaven.*

Go on thou Muse, invigorate the mind
To tell the Injuries, by each combin'd
This Bill of Middlesex before the Eyes
The Virtigo o'er the rapid senses flies.
Our Landlord settled with, and Royal King
Who then in Wonder, can this Action bring ?
Now Sapho's business is on Burt to wait
And learn the issue on depending fate.

Saw but *Mr. Fee, pondering o'er the laws
This declaration 'tis hop'd you will withdraw.
Withdraw

* *Chief Clerk to Mr. B**t.*

Withdraw said Fee, the Copy's in a hole
Then why not sooner thus come cheek by jole.
Lord Cheek by Jole, with such a mouth
Salivad and hackney'd ever in the truth.
The Nose so isicled, bending o'er the Speneer
Breeches secured, like a merry Dancer.

A forceable entry on a Woman
A thing unheard of, and a thing uncommon.
A Rape committed on the Understanding
Impracticable as Gallics with their landing.

A Rape not Brutus on Lucretia made
Had she kept firm the left and silence paid.
The right knee turned, defends the Lyric view
From all attack of Man and *Lover* too.
Confute a Monarch and his pensioned Willis
As leave advance a Rape upon Achillis.

No preparatory letter e'er ye sent
To impart to Nauticus your kind intent,
My absent Nauticus, fatigu'd with toils
Suspects no outrage, or domestic broils.
Twice late embark'd, compelled to bear away,
Strong winds at South, how? tarry or delay,
How could he make the Downs on such a Day.

His house attack'd by Officers of Law
No Sherriff's man my Nauticus e'er saw,
His Maratime Commands, ne'er will delay
The Commerce and the King equally obey,
His open heart, and yet more open mind
Is sacred to a Friend, and ever kind,
Untainted by the Commerce of the shore,
Few Women, but, might Nauticus adore,
His manners soft, and naked is his heart,
Ah! who? can act so foul, so black a part.

Why doth our Legislator thus delay?
But regulate the costs for each to pay;
More than the Debt the *Costs* are to defendant,
Well to our Laws, may add the *Code* amendment.

Permit me Mr. Fee, the ear, and to convey,
The recent conduct, that happen'd on a day,
A first floor empty by two Mendicants,
Who could supply all their pilferring wants;
Of dish clouts, dusters, and the tarry wood,
Who e'er did warm them, portended little good;
For gouty Bottle Nose with Hannah ran
About the streets, to Brontis, such a man,
And set their Vulgar Engines all to work
Who treat a Debtor, as they do a Turk,

The Arabs wild, they live by open plunder,
But private Rogues, may snip the World a-sunder.

But hark, the floppy efforts of the day
Amid these Jarring sounds, which now convey.
Two Loyal Sloppers, hail'd, for Olives ground,
To drill and halbert he that is unsound.
A Black Sheep indeed with Lilly Face,
His head awry, and trim'd with trowser lace,
Armorial bearings, Sheers for his Crest,
No Liver in his Belly, 'tis confess'd.
Who e'er would Summon for Thirty Shillings
Is a petty Rogue, a Scoundrel and a Villain.
Drub those two Sloppers at the drill
But care on their Calf-ish blood, let none spill:
For presuming their betters to distress
Born in the lap of Plenty, and caress'd,
Confusion attend who'd e'er depress a sailor
Confes'd the superior of any Taylor.

Light Infantry, next th'thought engage
Soap, and Tallow, the glory of the age,
Forget not *Harriot with his warlike cock
Who greets with joy the face of every sot.

His

* *Collecting Clerk to a Brewhouse, a Man of Honor in the Female World, and Conspicuous all over the Suburbs for a remarkable Cock'd Hat.*

His face so pink, so white, and slovenly gait
Who longs to see the Coporal break his pate.
Right about, and wheel him in the ranks
Coporal, do your duty, on his flanks.

Make an ensign of Plumb picking Ledger
Hail'd from the Plow, a ditcher, or a hedger.
Who's no stranger to the Livery Coat
Late wore his Stockings scarcely worth a groat
Untill Sophia's Money, pilfer'd from a school,
To grace his Shelves, his Counter and his scull
Give thanks to brother footman and his trull.

Alderman Blubberbrains in the rear
These Troops well disciplin'd, dispel the fear.
For Meally Bags, will surely take the hint
Brush up his Firelock, and make sure of flint.
Care on their Carious Bodies, and so scurvy
Coporal, be sure you turn them topsy turvy.
Take care, and of Officers make choice,
From the War department, let the general voice
Prevail, and regulars will grace
Corps well disciplin'd in every place.
Bear rule Lieutenant-Colonel on each Morn
The Earl of Harrington doth much adorn,

His

His honour's undisputed, for the King
Grants him high Favors, and his Children bring
To Royal Tables, as Paternal he
Looks on his Lordship with benignity.
And truly, Sapho, knows his Lordship's looks
Who can but read, and read but Men and Books.

But to return and close with Mr. Fee
To pay the Debt, with Costs, thus will agree.
Was ever Woman, ever so entrench'd
By *Yorkshire* Dæmon's void of common sense.
To take a brief of this same grizly client
Worse, and much Worse, than pale cheeck'd Briant.
Who summon'd each Lady to the Vestry
And not the Altar, for fear of ******
Your Clausum Frigit dims the very sight
Why on an Autumn Day, bring such a blight?
When Laws and Constitution e'er observant
So Mr. Fee, your obedient, humble Servant.

Hold sacred, ever, that most sacred part
Of Character, as private in each heart
Of Man, reveal not ever sacred names,
Or who can stem the Satires torrent vain.

Thy shade O! Bolingbroke, O! Chesterfield
To your living works, Sapho'l ever yield.
Who was the Juvenile Companion late
Pellew, now Edward Sir, but such is fate:
Refer to Scenes, which only sad the days
Of polish'd Wit, and check the Poets lays.
Oft at the Sires table have you seen
Sapho re-echo, as the Empress Queen
O'er each the Guests, and tho' were never few
The heart of Approbtion ever drew.

Of Fraternal Love, in want, yet why complain?
Sadning the heart, increasing but each pain.
Lord Viscount Middleton who holds comma.d
O'er rude tumultuous and Northern bands.
This heart so form'd, so sensitive was given
So form'd, *Lo!* the peculiar gift of heaven.
Does then the blood of Roxbrough cease to flow
In the veins of Sapho? yes, her cheek it glows
That noble Roxbrough is to her allied
Betray this truth to whom it is applied.

Now wrongs rekindle o'er her pallid cheek
The *injured heart* in unison may beat.

Beat

Beat on their Callous Souls, Ah! hopeless thing
Report each truth, injurious, or bring
Each the complaint; before the †Warriors' chief
To make, and of the Tale be ever brief.
He'll say 'tis ludicrous in the high polish'd mind
T'regard the Plebean, or cast the thought behind.
But honored Sire, report the menial's plot
Tho' how an Earl of Rivers deal in slops.
Except to see the Bull Dogs of the Nation
Well clothed, and every seaman at his station.
To re-animate those Heroes of the Mars
What British bosom, bleeds not for their scars,
Fight on then Heroes for so just a cause.

O! Tax then Pit, for the National Fame
Ne'er let a Briton, bear a tarnish'd Name.
Late exiled Sidney, contrary to the law
Of Nations, ne'er sheath until the cause
Be amply revenged, O! weep ye sons of Fame
Nor sacrifice his great, his He'ven born Name
To unsaciate Hounds, but stem the thirst
And o'er their Heads, let rolling Thunder burst

Distruction

† *Savage Patron to the Author.*

Destruction's Engines on their guilty souls
Who dare dispute, our Sovereign controul.
Triumphant Reign ye, Neptunes of the Deep
Saciate revenge, and hurl their souls to sleep.

FOX why Aloof? Ah! join your Princely mind
Join with each Nestor, as the Foe combin'd.
Ne'er mutilate, but take the Active part
The duty to your great, your polish'd heart.
Aid with your Council, as shake the torrid zone
Revenge our Daughter's, and our Widow's groan.
Nor let Biographic Writers e'er relate
False supinious decree impending fate.
O! Fox, 'tis Sapho greets thy Mental power
Say that the British Lion shall this Foe devour.

But now domestic thoughts arrest the theme
To sooth my Nauticus from the general teen.
From wrongs so recent in the midnight hour
As prowling Wolves, that range the desert bower.
Nauticus thus struck on Sapho's nature soft
Soft as the Zephyrs Breeze, tho' ah! it cost.
The magnanimous, direful invoke
Born to the ruin of each flattering hope.
Ah! Nauticus, Ah! Sapho's sacrified
Why paint each flowing Truth, so realiz'd.

Tell

Tell but each sorrow to the whispering breeze
To Luna re-murmer thro' each fluttering tree.
Consign then Sapho, all your sorrows past
To †Averancus worship as her last.
Hist then thou Muse, let but th'languid mind
List for the shores of sweet Northumberland.
Where is in view her sacred honored *Sire
Intomb'd thou Hallowed Earth so much admired.
Admired, convulsing thoughts, O! sacred urn
O'er thy hallowed Grave, incessantly I mourn,

Again awake the soft, the melting song
And all those pleasing joys I would prolong.
Unskill'd in Arts, but those which love has taught
Now sickning o'er each doom in intense thought.
Wisdom with passion can ne'er unite
The first perplex, the second too delight.
Then Gods dispel each briny tear away
And sink Remembrance of each cruel day.
Revert to Overtures, most fondly dwell
And e'er so envyed, and to thee I tell.
'Twill honor thee, and vouch it here I must
Be librated by the lettered man I trust.

A

† *God of the Romans, supposed to keep off Misfortunes.*
* *The Author's Father died of an Apoplec Fit on her leaving Northumberland.*

A votary to the sacred shrine of Love
Sure each form fair is so decreed by Jove.
From reciprocal Lips tho' silent speak,
And Hectic thrillings, thro' each fibre beat.
Stay hasty Love, renew impetuous joy
Hush all alarm, nor fear to prove *******
O! yes, I fear thy Evidence may pass
The Central all Elisium overcast.
Beat Pulses high, to each are jointly given
Nauticus replied, the record is in heaven.
O! sweetest draught, delusion fondly greet
Pure tides of Love this soul can fondly meet.
At thy approach, all burning passions hurl
Emitings frail all through the pulses burn.
By sacred Altars, or Holy reliques vouch
The tell-tale bud may issue from it's couch.

Had *Cleopatria viewed those envious dames
A Queen may prove a right to Cæsar's name.
The hissing Viper, there in clusters lay
That poisoned Bite, alas! we feel this day.
Such Roman Emperors ill fates decree
*In Senate House crushed down upon each knee.*



* *Died by the Bite of Serpent.* See Roman History.

‡His Cloak threw o'er to veil his Laurel brow
That long sway'd Roman Arms, in honours true.
The Egyptian Beauty, like from fetters free
Gave up the Ghost, and so must thee and me.

Who e'er insult the injured in distress
Or pain that heart o'ercharg'd with grief, opprest.
A curse on him, to Cerberus such commit
Who vainly sport her name in box or pit.
Of meetings, greetings, assignments vainly tell
Him I'd consign to deeper Pits than Hell.

‡ *Cæsar ſtab'd in the Senate Houſe.*

FINIS.

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